

Disconnect

by Assassination

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Summary: Dante feels a hysterical laugh bubble up from the depths of his chest. "We're real pieces of work, aren't we?" [Companion piece to Connection.] (Rated for all the lovely swear words. It's DmC Dante, did you expect any less?)

Disconnect

****Assassination's Note:**** I was sitting around one day, listening to music, thinking about this and that and then this happened. Not exactly how I first imagined it, but it happened all the same.

However, it's not like Vergil's side in Connection. Dante prefers to ignore the man ('classic' Dante) in the mirror and mostly focuses on their emotions, as you'll soon see. Also, Dante's a bitter man in this. Yes, you can seem carefree on the _outside_, but that doesn't mean you're all rainbows and skittles on the _inside_.

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><p>Dante always hated mirrors.<p>

They did nothing but reflect all the things that were deemed ugly in the world. Always making each and every flaw visible to the viewer and inevitably causing them to do whatever they could to fix said 'wrong.'

All they did for him was remind him that he wasn't like other people.

Only one, singular scar marred his face and he couldn't even remember where in the Hell it came from. Though that didn't compare to the man that would replace his image if he stared long enough. Someone he didn't know and knew for a fact that they've never crossed paths. Surely he would remember seeing someone with white hair and an oh-so

cheeky smile.

The smile is what bothered Dante most.

How could someone be so cheerful when the world is a dark, cold place where it's survival of the fittest? In fact, why the fuck was this what stared back at him whenever he looked at a mirror?

Dante hated mirrors. They were cruel and heartless despite that being the reason they were made. To face the things you love, want to change, the things you _despise and hate_ about yourself.

He avoided them as much as possible.

That is until he met _Vergil_.

It was like time had stopped, the upbeat, devil may care attitude fading away into a distant memory. Dante hated the feelings that swept over him after. Joy, hope. Love. He wanted to reach out for Vergil, grab on and make sure he never disappears like he could if Dante lets him roam free. As if he's lost him in such a horrific fashion many a time before and can't bear to go through it again. He hates it.

Soon they've become replaced with cold dread. Anticipation for something. Like another shoe to drop or for someone to tell him this is a sick joke.

Dante's stomach rolls at the thought and he chooses instead to throw up his walls. Walls that he's taken years to perfect and reinforce ten times fold. He's not about to let some _stranger_ rile him up.

Instead he decides to get angry, uses all the pent up anger over the years to solidify his defenses. Chooses to say, "What makes you think I give a shit?" when questioned on if he wants to help their cause to save humanity.

Why should he care? No one ever gave a shit about him unless it was to use him as a stepping stone. Dante's always had to look out for himself. What with the demons and constantly being dragged to Limbo all his life.

But something deep inside tells him he should consider helping. Should use his abilities to better the city he lives in. Make it better.

"How much of your childhood do you remember?"

A voice inside urges him, desperately, to keep an eye on Vergil. Never let him out of his sight.

To never lose_ his brother_ again.

Dante can't help but give a mirror a passing glance when they return to The Order's base and he's stunned by what he sees.

The constant carefree grin is gone. The man looks years older than he actually is, hand held fast to the trinket around his neck and it's almost as if he can't decide how he feels. He's _exhausted_. Like the

smiles are only to save face and hide what truly lies beneath. It's new and yet it's terrifying at the same time.

The man would eventually turn his head, looking somewhere in the distance and the corner of his mouth will twitch. Unsure if to smile or letting sleeping dogs lie.

He has the presence of a man who's lost it all and that he won't survive if one more thing is taken from him.

It's a sadness that crawls through Dante's veins and being around Vergil seems to numb it. Stave it off. Yet there's reluctance under the surface with a bitterness that leaves a horrible taste in his mouth. As if he wants to care but also wishes with all his might that he didn't.

It's...it's unnerving. Dante's not sure how to deal with it.

The kicker is when Vergil reveals his true intentions behind taking down Mundus. It seems to be the final piece that destroys him. Both of them. Dante can't control himself after he triggers and runs Vergil through with Rebellion. He can't stop himself from pressing harder. Harder, harder, harder.

Iron and copper is strong in the air, but he can't _stop_.

There's an unrivaled rage that makes Dante's chest tight. Like this is the final straw, he's had enough, enough is enough. No more.

His muscles strain from the weight of the power coursing through him and all Dante sees is red. All he feels is anger, so much anger that he doesn't know what to do with it. It burns his eyes and he belatedly realizes he's in near tears once it hits him that he's lost Vergil ****again****.

This was supposed to be the last time. Never again, not after finding each other after father - Sparda - separated them.

It's a hurricane of emotions after Dante watches Vergil leave and as he straggles behind Kat.

Anger, rage, hurt, betrayal, loss, confusion...

He hates it. Loathes it.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

They were supposed to take out Mundus, help the civilians and take out any ugly sonuvabitch that tried causing a stink. Educate, teach them how to better protect themselves. Make sure it never happens again. Maybe start up a business.

Be a family again. Just like they were before.

Instead, he nearly ended Vergil's life and Vergil is probably out there somewhere, possibly bleeding out. Kat may say she's not scared of him, but Dante's heard that enough to know when it's a lie.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

Dante breaks down once Kat hunkers down in bed to rest.

It starts with a single thought of, _ I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up_, before it rolled downhill into a shitstorm.

He breaks whatever he can get his hands on and doesn't feel an ounce of remorse for any of it. Dante can't shake the
loss-frustration-betrayal-loss-anger-hate-hurt-regret -

He destroys. It's all he knows how to do at this moment and he might be yelling and cursing Sparda up and down. He might be shouting obscenities to Mundus and he just might...

Dante slammed his fist down on the bathroom sink once he's calmed down a bit. He can't remember how he got here or what trail he's left behind, but he can't bring himself to give a shit. He just lost his brother, he can do whatever the Hell he wants right now.

After a moment of trying to simply breathe, Dante lifts his head to look at the mirror.

The man staring back at him looks just as wrecked, if not worse.

He belatedly notes that his knuckles are split and bleeding. How his throat is sore and his muscles are tense, his skin hot and clammy. He sees the tears streaming down his face and the trickle of blood from his lower lip from when he sank his teeth in.

Dante feels a hysterical laugh bubble up from the depths of his chest.

"We're real pieces of work, aren't we?"

End
file.